A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

COAL-HEAVER's COUSIN.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A FEW

FRAGMENTS

OF THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF THE

Rev. JAMES BARRY.

INTENDED AS A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

COAL-HEAVER's COUSIN.

BY

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S.S.

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1789.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FRAGMENTS,

&c. &c.

COURTEOUS READER,

IF thou haſt read the wonders of divine providence and grace, as diſplayed in the preſervation and converſion of the Rev. James Barry, as recorded in his treatiſe, called *A Cordial for Sin deſpairing Souls*, lately reviſed by me, I have no doubt but thou haſt heard that ſome graceleſs profeſſors, being ſtrangers to the experience of a ſpiritual birth, and conſequently unacquainted with that tender care, and kind providence, which our heavenly Father manifeſts towards his own elected family, in preſerving them in Chriſt Jeſus, calling them, and keeping them by his mighty power through faith to ſalvation, have gone ſo far, in imitation of their father the devil, as to give the whole teſtimony the lie.

No ſooner had this report of Satan gone forth from the mouth of his children, but I received information by Mr. Lee, hair-dreſſer, at Homerton, that the Rev. James Barry, author of the above narrative, has a daughter now living at Hackney, in Middeſex; and having heard of my reviſing her father's work, (which ſhe had long wiſhed to ſee), deſired to ſee me.

On Thurſday, January 22d, 1789, in company with Sir John Brayne, of Lambeth, Mr. Terry, Mr. Davidſon, Mr. Beſt, of Covent-Garden, Captain Duckett, of Wells-ſtreet, and Mr. Lee, of Homerton, I viſited the old Lady. Her huſband's name is *Wilſon*; he is a comb-maker: they keep a toy and earthen-ware ſhop, oppoſite *Hackney Church*.

The venerable old gentlewoman informed me that ſhe wanted but two months of 88 years of age, yet in tolerable health; and were it not for a paraletic ſtroke that ſhe had ſuſtained, ſhe is remarkably active and ſprightly; and her intellects and memory are wonderful. She is comfortably ſituated; is married to a God-fearing man, who is a kind, indulgent huſband, in whoſe praiſe ſhe ſpake very highly, which is not very common, eſpecially while the huſband liveth. She informed me that ſhe was allowed, by ſome judges of family likeneſſes, to be the very picture of her deceaſed father,

father, more ſo than any other child he had. Which I have no doubt of, as I think there is not a little of the father's quickneſs, ſharpneſs, and humour apparent in the daughter.

She told me that her father was born in Ireland, in the year 1641, the ſame year in which the *Iriſh maſſacre* began: In that dreadful time it was, that his nurſe threw him out in the ſnow, fearing ſhe ſhould loſe her life for nurſing a heretic's child; as is recorded in his narrative. He was called to the public miniſtry in Dublin, where he laboured with great ſucceſs, which made him the butt of popiſh rage; on which account, his friends adviſed him to leave the country, but he refuſed, ſaying, God had called him to the work, and would defend him in it. After ſuffering great perſecutions, which grew ſo hot, that Lord Tyrc—n—l, a papiſt, offered one hundred pounds for his head, to any of his ſoldiers, who ſhould take him alive or dead. By the preſſing advice of many friends, he was prevailed upon, but much againſt his own inclination, to be put into a coach, in what was then called a woman's *riding hood*, and was taken to the water ſide; but on the road, was ſtopped by ſome of the ſoldiers that were after him, but they looking into the coach, and hearing him groan, as if ſick—they ſwore there was nothing but an old ſick woman, and ſo left him.

He was got on board a veſſel which his friends had provided for him, and brought over to England.—His family ſoon after following him.

She informed me, that leaving his flock in Ireland, was matter of great grief to him. He was ſo fond of them, that he kept a liſt of his members in his family bible to his death.

He was choſen paſtor of a Church in *Panter's Rents*, near Stepney. Soon after which, a Mr. Barry, a hop-merchant, a firſt couſin, and a member of his Church in Ireland, came to England after him, and lived at Clapham for many years.

At Stepney he continued for many years, and in great eſteem with his people: but owing to indiſpoſition of body, he begged his diſmiſſion of them, in order to take charge of a Church at *Croydon in Surrey*, for the benefit of his health: on which account it was granted him.

During his ſtay at Croydon, he married a *Miſs Glover*, of ſome ſmall fortune, who was a member of his Church, and 'tis thought one of his daughters in the faith; a young woman, about half the age of himſelf, by whom he had many children: the daughter now living is one of them.

The eſtate he was heir to was 800*l. per* annum. But as he had turned his back on the Church of England,

England, and gone over to the Church of God, his father thought proper to cut him off; for he was obliged to be diſobedient to the Biſhop of Dublin, in order to obey the Chief Shepherd and Biſhop of Souls. His eſtate was left by his father to a half-brother, who once came over to ſee our Author in London, which the daughter now living remembers. But we could hear nothing of any preſents that this rival made our Author, in his trying circumſtances. 'Tis moſt likely he knew the worth of the eſtate, tho' his brother made ſo light of it when it ſtood in competition with Chriſt and conſcience.

She informed us, that ſoon after his father and friends had caſt him off, that he much wanted to borrow a book that was in his father's library, but knowing that he could not get the loan of it himſelf, he got a friend to borrow it as for his own uſe. His father lent it to our Author's friend, but ſuſpecting it was for his ſon, wrote this text on the blank ſheet: *The wicked borroweth and payeth not again.*—When our author had read it, he returned it, having written the laſt clauſe of his father's text on the ſame blank ſheet: *But the righteous ſheweth mercy and giveth. Pſal.* xxxvii. 21. Hinting, that if he had been the righteous man he pretended to be, he would have given it to his ſon, and then there had been no fear of his acting the wicked man's part, in not paying again.

From

From Croydon our Author returned to London, in the times of perſecution, and went and dwelt in the Mint, in what was then called *the verge of the Court*, which was a place of ſafety. In that place he hired a large room, for a lecture on the Lord's day evening, which coſt him forty or fifty pounds to fit up, in which he preached a conſiderable time. His wife took a ſhop in the Borough, and carried on the buſineſs of Linnen-Drapery. When he left the *verge of the Court*, he went to a Meeting-houſe in *Globe-Alley*, but whether he was paſtor, or an aſſiſtant, I could not learn; but the laſt times of his preaching were for one Mr. Kenninghorne, or Kenninghall.—His wife having many loſſes in trade, gave it up, and learnt the buſineſs of *Mantua-making*, and continued it for many years.

The many afflictions that our Author met with in his youth, and thoſe that attended him in his miniſtry, brought on an aſthma, the ſtone, and the gout, which rendered him incapable of the miniſterial work for twenty years before his death, during which time his wife and daughter, now living, worked in order to ſupport him. The never-failing providence of God, of which he ſo ſweetly treats, followed him to the laſt, which occaſioned him often to ſay, when any preſent came in a time of need, "here is Dod's-baſket come again," meaning the *hand-baſket portion*.

When

When he was firſt laid aſide from the miniſtry, he was under much darkneſs and dejection of mind; but, after ſome time, came to enjoy great conſolations, and endured his afflictions with remarkable patience and chearfulneſs; and a little before his death ſaid, *I am nearer my home than ever; I am ſoon going.* His laſt wife was a very affectionate one, a good nurſe to him, and was very fond of him, inſomuch that ſhe was quite inconſolable at his death. The daughter ſays ſhe would ſit weeping by his corps till two or three o'clock in the morning, and then come ſighing to bed to her. She informed me that he was buried in the diſſenters burying ground, in *Dead Man's Place*, adjoining to Mr. Thrale's Brewhouſe, in the Borough, and had a head and foot ſtone at his grave. I went with a friend to ſee if I could find it, and on the North ſide of the ground I found a foot ſtone, with *J. B.* on it, but the head ſtone was ſunk ſo deep in the ground that only the firſt line appeared; but digging down about ſixteen inches, I found the following inſcription:

Here lieth the body of the Rev. JAMES BARRY, who departed this life the 3d of July, 1719, aged 78 years. The ſtones diſcovered the *affection*, and the ſmallneſs of them the *poverty*, of the diſconſolate widow.

He was three times married, and had twenty-two or twenty-three children. One ſon was ſettled

in

in Charles-Town, South-Carolina, and ſeveral at Croydon, in Surry, where there is living at this time ſeveral deſcendants and grand-children. Mr. Jaſper Wood, Baker, is one of them. He was a man of about the middle ſtature, of a light complexion, very quick and ſharp, and when able to move, very active.

He wrote the following Books:

ELECTION BEFORE TIME.

TWO SERMONS ON THE APPLE-TREE, from this text, *As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, ſo is my beloved among the ſons. I ſat down under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte.* Song ii. 3.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

THE FALSENESS AND UNSCRIPTURALNESS OF ANNA-BAPTISM.

A CORDIAL FOR SIN-DESPAIRING SOULS, which I reviſed.

The books were printed by Mr. Marſhall, in Newgate-ſtreet; but none of his works have fell into my hands but the laſt mentioned. When he had finiſhed the book which he ſtiled *the Spirit of Prayer*, he ſold the copy to the Printer, and ſtrictly

ſtrictly charged him not to alter the title, or the work; but the Publiſher ſent it out with this title—*A Help to Prayer*. I cannot learn that Dr. Callamy, or any other writer of the Hiſtory of the Puritans, take any notice of him, which is eaſily accounted for, God having ſtript him of all confidence in the fleſh, and wiped him out of the Cathedral, his teſtimony could never gain him any credit among the Tories, Papiſts, or rotten Arminians, whoſe craft is always in danger from ſuch witneſſes; therefore, when they become hiſtorians, they are ſure to bury the names of ſuch men, and their teſtimonies, in ſilence, leſt the Devil's intereſt ſhould fall to the ground.

Should any of the other books fall into my hands, they ſhall appear in the world again, if God permit.

Reader, farewell,

While I remain,

Your's, in the Goſpel of Chriſt,

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

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